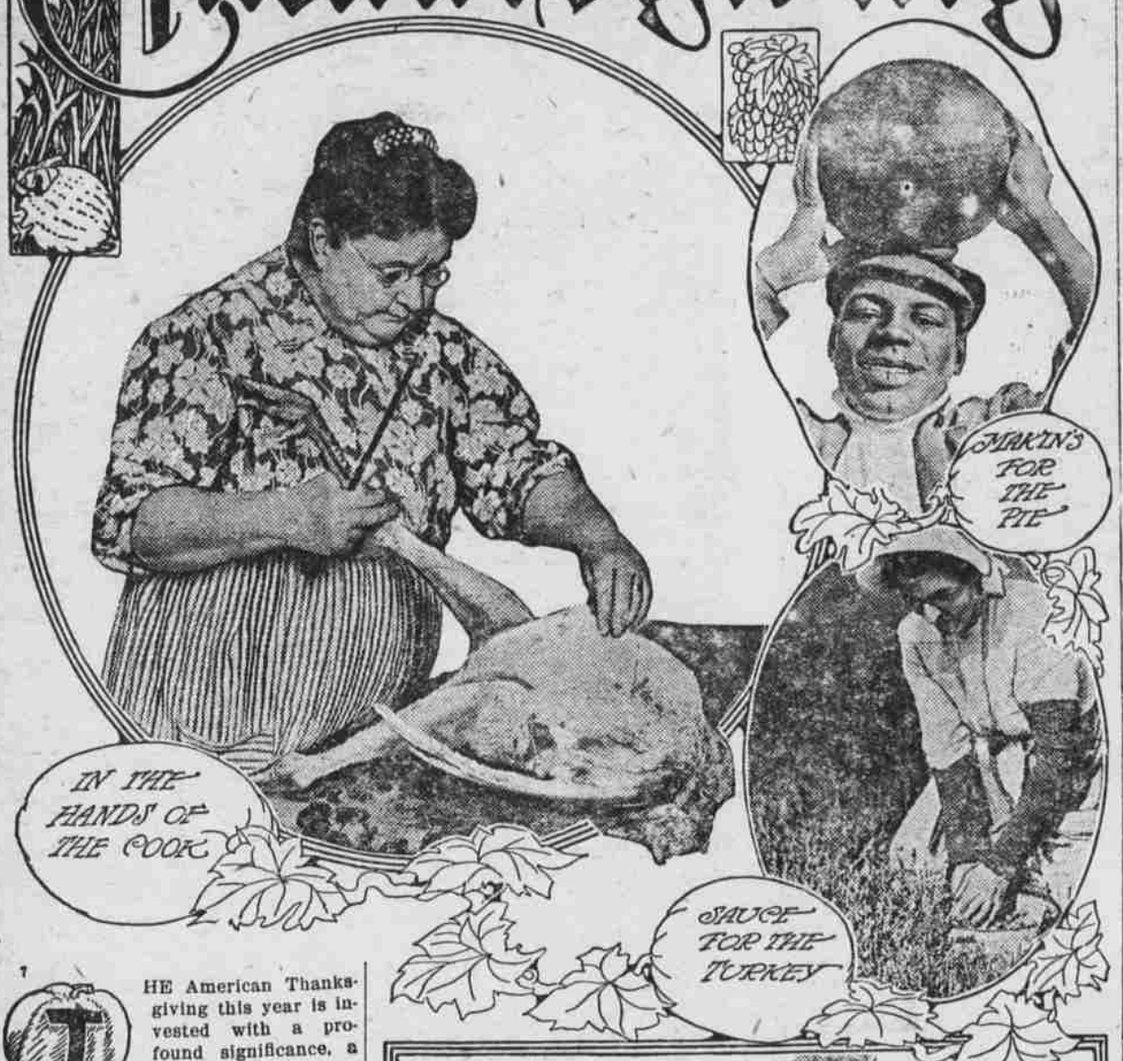
Thanksgiving



THE American Thanksgiving this year is invested with a profound significance, a blending of reverent appreciation for the blessings of the twelvemonth, and a poignant regret that so many members of the World Family are in the red agony of war. The Thanksgiving, definitely established after national stress and travail, is tender with sympathy and brotherhood, and, while one gives freely of thanks to his Creator, freely, likewise, does he give of love for his fellows. It is the most human of seasons, in which man should, and does, follow the eternal lesson of the Great Teacher.

Thanksgiving is elemental in the soul of man and it probably found its first expression, not in peace, but after conflict in the early twilight of history, when some of the hairy men, who had awakened to the mystery and majesty of the sun as the giver of good things, raised their scarred arms toward it, reverent and triumphant, their grateful gutturals voicing thanks for victory.

And this primitive thanksgiving will be multiplied and intensified a thousandfold at the expiration of the present war—and not for the victory but for the coming of peace. In the intoxication of bloody triumph there can be little of the deep, spiritual thanksgiving; for, despite the gigantic slaughter that has made this century the Crimson age, the world is still one big family with interests so closely interrelated that none is unaffected by the struggle. And none will give thanks, even with the prize of victory, for having made widows and orphans by the hundreds of thousands

In the real thanksgiving there is neither exultation nor pride; no reflection of bitterness or hate; but a sweet realization of the kinship of all men before the Great Father.

In certain early and oriental liturgies was the Great Thanksgiving, now replaced by the preface and part of the canon. Then there is the General Thanksgiving in the Book of Common Prayer, a collect in the third place from the end of the order for morning and evening prayer, and of the litany. But the Thanksgiving which, while marked by the incense of prayer, has the sunny lightsomeness of good cheer and laughter, is that annually observed in the United States.

In the beginning of the observance was a day set apart by the Plymouth Pilgrims, in 1621, in acknowledgment of their first harvest in America. It was perpetuated in many states by an annual festival appointed by the governor its national celebration, in recognition of the year's blessings, was first recommended by proclamation issued at the city of New York, in 1789, by George Washington, who set apart for observance Thursday, November 26, of that year.

The war between the states was the event that established the national day. It has been, therefore, sanctified by the blood of brothers who died not in vain, for as a recurring observance it was proclaimed by President Lincoln in October, 1863, who fixed the last Thursday in November. It since has thus been observed.

So it is that in 1915 the people of the United States give thanks, not for a war over, with the combatants putting aside the science of murder for the science of constructive things and resolutely facing the future, but because the country is at peace with its world brothers and looks toward taking the impartial part in the bringing about of the peace of Europe—and of the world. Dr Carleton Simon, the distinguished neurologist, recently, while discussing "war as an acute nervous affliction and its treatment and its cure," made an interesting diagnosis of the condition of the United States. It may be reassuring to hear from such an eminent authority, who regards the more than 90,000,000 human beings in the present-ment of a gigantic composite, that there is no fear of Uncle Sam "flying off the handle."

"The United States has escaped," says he. "That is the special occasion for thanksgiving. But may not the whole world come to find cause for real thanksgiving in the new spirit derived and nourished by the tragedy of this war?"

Contrast these typical rural Thanksgiving pictures with some of the family groups and of sustenance operations within the war-smitten territory, and, if you be apart from want, you will feel a pang of keenest commiseration and a regret that all of the world's struggling family should not be sharing the peace-and-plenty conditions

In this case the turkey is the bird alike of peace and of plenty. It is the bird, likewise, of sacrifice—but not of burnt offering—and goes to its appointed end with what seems like a conscious dignity of the part it plays in the grateful season.

What finish more honorable and impressive for a bird than to be fated to die to make happy an entire nation? For this brief, golden period the eagle is only a remote symbol. The Thanksgiving bird is magically transformed into a tempting thing of appetizing odors, an eye-entrancing vision of glistening brown and bronze and bringing in its train attendants of the field that crisply show ivory white and pale emerald, and translucent, liquid ruby.

In the turkey at this season there are the pride of country, the religious sense of a nation and its sustaining hopefulness, the racial family spirit that "makes the whole world akin," and the very essence of pleasing plenty.

THE THANKSGIVING FEAST

I

This is the day before the feast.
A rack of storm clouds, gray with warning,
Signals the valley, west to east,
"White fields and roads tomorrow morning!"
But through the farmhouse kitchen glows
A light to gladden saint or sinner,
While Nell, and Margaret, and Rose
Make ready for Thanksgiving dinner.

II

The pantry shelves are lined with cakes
Of flaky crust and fragrant sweeting.
Yet incomplete the banquet waits
For this which Margaret's spoon is beating.
The sideboard gleams in jeweled light
With amber quince and ruby jelly.
'Twill wear an added grace tonight,
Wrought by the hands of Rose and Nelly.

III

A stir of eager girlish feet
Across the ancient oaken flooring.
A burst of laughter, bubbling sweet
With mirth and confidence outpouring.
A rallying jest, an awestruck sigh
At Nell's mistakes and Margaret's knowledge.
Oh, never hours sped merrier by
For three fair cousins home from college!

IV

Beneath the kitchen rooftree brown,
With weathered tile and rough-hewn rafter,
What memories are looking down—
A hundred years of toil and laughter!
What echoes of long-vanished feet
Stir in the shadows everlasting!
What far-off voices, young and sweet,
From other days of feast and fasting!

V

Tomorrow, through the drifted snows,
With hearts aglow for smile and greeting,
Nelly, and Margaret, and Rose
Will walk across the hills to meeting.
Good angels join them as they raise
The old hymns dear to dead and living
And blend the feasting and the praise
Into one day of pure thanksgiving
—Mabel Earle, in Youth's Companion.

INTERESTING BITS

The American mountain sheep are the greatest leapers in the world.

The British government is establishing a very powerful wireless station in Jamaica.

Virginia is the leading state in the production of soapstone, Vermont ranking second

The United States bureau of standards has developed a delicate thermo-electric test for the purity of platinum.

Resembling a large tracing wheel is a German inventor's device that accurately measures irregular lines.

A muscle from a frog's leg is utilized by a French inventor in a device that receives and records wireless signals.

Peat, compressed and formed into sheets, is replacing cork in Germany as an insulating material against heat and cold.

England and Wales together have 40 special schools for the blind, 51 for the deaf and 245 for otherwise defective children.

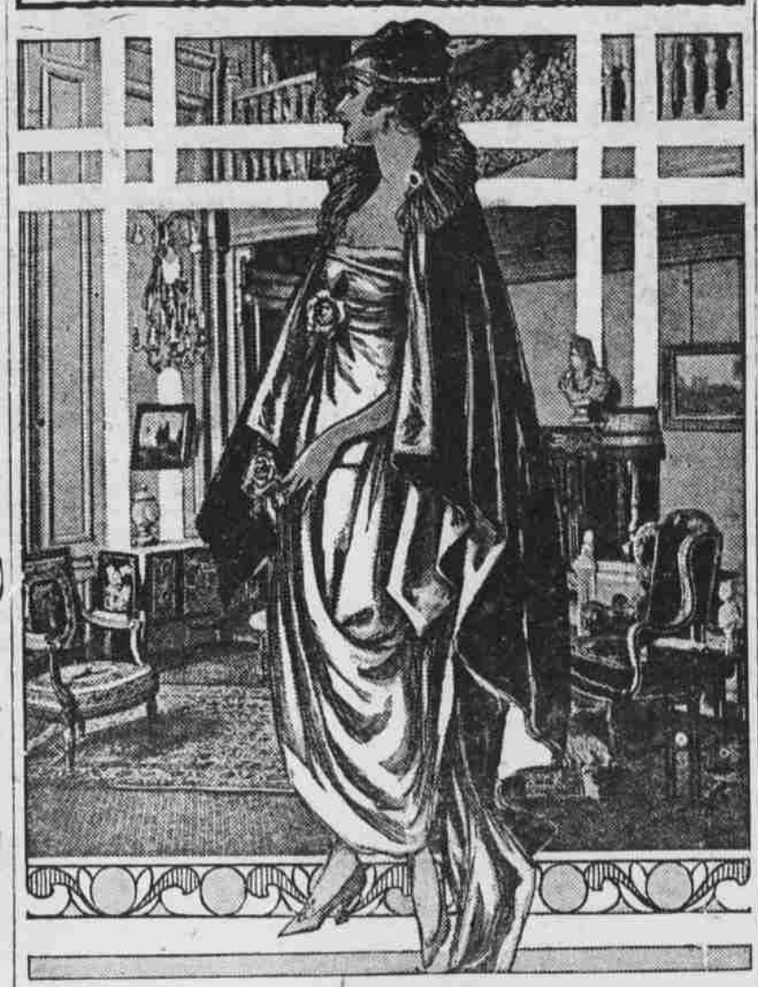
Sydney, N. S. W., now has a benzol plant.

The relative values of various kinds of coal are determined by X-rays with a method invented by French scientists.

Statistics have shown that American telephone operators answer calls two seconds quicker than their English cousins.

Experiments in rice cultivation in Porto Rico give promise of the island becoming an important producer of that grain.

Dress and Coat Combination



An interesting phase of the new fashions is the two-piece evening dress combining a wrap with the frock, and the two-piece costume incorporating a frock and matching coat.

The former finds its most artistic exponent in a Callot evening gown, made of shell-pink velvet draped on elastic lines and markedly narrow as contrasted with the general run of skirts. The drapery is drawn up at one side and caught against the bodice with a large rose several shades deeper than the velvet of the frock.

At first sight the bodice seems the simplest sort of a creation. It is cut in one with the skirt and very slightly draped through the waist line. The neck is cut in a deep square outline, and across the shoulders there are bands of small rhinestones that connect the front and back of the garment. Like many of the new Paris models, this dress exploits a train. It appears to be a part of the drapery, and graduates into a mere bit of a point at the end.

The frock itself is beautiful but this quality is enhanced when it is worn with the mantle which was particularly designed for it. The mantle is of black velvet, lined throughout with pink velvet like that which composes the gown. The neck is finished with a collarette of black ostrich feathers, absolutely straight and arranged to give a double fringe effect.

The dress and coat combination is one that will appeal to American women who like novelty associated with practical qualities.

Certain Coats for Winter Motoring

Certain fur coats, made of skins not treated to change their appearance (except that some of them are dyed) make the warmest and smartest motor coats. Pony skins, leopard skin and unplucked seal are chosen for this kind of wear by those who intend to face the cold with comfort and achieve a triumph of smart appearance at the same time.

The pony skin is dyed black usually, although there is no good reason why the beautiful brown and white markings should be changed, if the coat is only to be worn in the car. But the black pony skin coat is as practical for all sorts of wear as a heavy cloth coat, and as a happy choice for all-winter all-round use. One of the best models is shown in the picture. It is cut with ample shoulder width, straight and roomy sleeves, and fastens to one side. The sleeves are gathered in to rather close-fitting cuffs. The wide collar will roll up about the neck as high as is needed, or may be turned back. The model is cut on straight lines, enfolding the figure closely It is as appropriate for the street as for the car.

Leopard and unplucked seal are not dyed, but made up to feature their markings They are handsome and unusual and are more expensive than pony

Cloth coats in the heaviest wool mixtures, designed for motor wear, are made in a great variety of styles and colors. They are cut with a flare from the shoulders, as a rule, and are often belted in, as in the coat shown here. This is made with raglan sleeves and big patch pockets, and is finished with machine stitching. Many models have wide collars that button close about the neck. The fad for mufflers and cape of yarn to match, makes the big collar less imperative, but is always a safe choice.

Julia Bottomley

Thin Fabrics Worn.

As the season progresses the vogue of transparent fabrics for evening frocks increases There is nothing prettier for the debutante's first ball, or for the opera, than a frock of white tulle, soft and billowy, with flounces and frills, and with panniers of mother-of-pearl pailleted net. Silver and gold lace and fine net embroidered in gold or silver form flounces on many charming frocks.

China yearly exports 8,000 leopard skins.

There is no objection to a man's taking up his residence almost anywhere, but when it comes to shoplifting, that's different.

It takes an unusually smart man to speak seven languages, but it takes a smarter one to remain silent in one.

But few men work overtime in an effort to make their wives happy.

No man likes to have a lawsuit, but if he has one he dislikes to lose it.

Few people have cause to regret the letter they didn't write.